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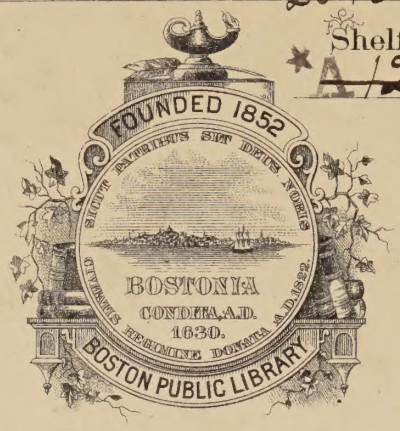

Boston

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EVERY SIXTH COPY GRATIS.

PROPOSAL

BY SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, No. 50, CORNHILL, BOSTON,

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

THE

REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

OF NOTTINGHAM, LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND AMERICAN FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION.

SPECIMEN OF TYPE AND PAGE FOR THIS EDITION.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

Sweet scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreathe,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell,
Come press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest-trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower, that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

* *The Rosemary buds in January—It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my peril's o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! The Star of Bethlehem!

While the reader is astonished at the splendid talents and attainments of this extraordinary youth, he will, if pious, rejoice that such peculiar endowments were sanctified by religion. Those (we presume they are few) who are not acquainted with the superior merits of this work, are referred to the Panoplist for August and September 1811. Mr. White died at the age of 21 years.

The volumes will be embellished with a Portrait of the author, and a view of Clifton Grove.

CONDITIONS.

The work will be well printed, on superfine paper, at two dollars and fifty cents a set, neatly bound and lettered.

Those who take five copies to have one copy gratis, and in the same proportion for any larger number. Subscribers names will be printed at the close of the Second Volume.

Boston, Feb. 13, 1815.

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See Life of Mrs. Turvile p. 135

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